

Fare (to Cabby, engaged "by the hour"). "DRIVE ON, CABMAN, MAKE HIM TROT!"
Cabby. "DURST'N'T DO IT, MUM. YOU SEE HE'S HENGAGED FOR THE PERCESSION NEXT WEEK, AND WE'RE TRAININ' HIM TO THE REG'LATON FACE!"

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.—IV.

(A Peep into the Future.)

PADEREWSKI (30th S. viii. 127).—According to ordinary accounts this musician, a pianist of extraordinary aptitude in the spot stroke, was a Pole. But that story has been disproved. PADEREWSKI was really of Irish extraction, his home being at Rooskey in County Mayo, six miles from Crossmolina. Hence **PADDY ROOSKEY**. On making his *début* he used his own name, and naturally was greeted with such a shower of brickbats and obloquy as convinced him that no one was at that period (the time of the REDMOND dynasty) going to the Emerald Isle for harmony. He therefore disappeared for a while in company with the dramatist and sociologist **GEORGE R. SIMS** (famous for his recipe for growing mustard and cress on bald pates) and returned with a foreign accent, a foreign name, and luxuriant chrysanthemum locks, to take the world by storm. J. A. F. M.

WHAT HO! (30th S. viii. 247).—This phrase, often with an irrelevant suffix bearing upon an unnamed and uncontrollable female, is continually to be found in the literature of the reign of **EDWARD THE SEVENTH** (see the works of **HERBERT SPENCER** and **PETT RIDGE**, and

the *Sporting Times* *passim*). Its origin is shrouded in mystery. Some ascribe it to the Anglicanisation of the name of **WATTEAU**, the famous French painter of *fêtes champêtres*, and the frequency with which the canvas turned up at Christie's at the time in question: the bumping referring to the fall of the audacious hammer, here called "she," as a ship is, or a cricket ball.

S. W. H.

KUBELIK (30th S. viii. 108).—I have no doubt whatever that this is a case where the origin of a popular phrase is disguised by deliberate and grotesque mis-spelling. Write the word **Cubalick** and the meaning is self-evident, i.e., the defeat or "licking" of the Spaniards at Cuba in the last years of the nineteenth century. Others have pronounced the word to be a proper name, and endeavoured to establish its identity with **KUBELIK KHAN**, an obscure potentate mentioned by **COLERIDGE** as connected with the opium trade in the East. Others again have tried to connect the word with the phrase "an un-licked cub," as though it stood for "(give the) cub a lick." Most far-fetched of all is the theory that **KUBELIK** was a Bohemian fiddler. For this I cannot discover a particle of evidence.

W. B. S.

SPADEWORK (30th S. viii. 44).—It seems improbable from the frequent use of this phrase in connection with the Earl of **ROSEBURY** that it is to be interpreted in the literal sense. Lord **ROSEBURY**, in the classic words of his contemporary the Hon. C. R. **SPENCER**, was "not an agricultural labourer." He was more associated with Clubs than Spades. And that prompts the suggestion that "Spadework" was probably a technical term for the use of that suit in "Bridge," a game of cards of great popularity at the time, and much affected by the members of the Liberal League. Others regard the association of the phrase with Lord **ROSEBURY** as an instance of the figure of speech known as oxymoron, or a contradiction in terms. "Spadework," they contend, is equivalent to "calling a spade a spade," which Lord **ROSEBURY** never did, always preferring to veil his meaning in metaphors, e.g., calling dead Bills "fly-blown phylacteries," and the Radical Caucus a "tabernacle." A third and somewhat more recondite explanation is that which lays emphasis on the word spade. Spadework then is to be differentiated from the excesses of rakes on the one side and the prudery of the wearers of shovel-hats on the other.

H. C. B.

TITLED FOLLY.

[Mr. SWINBURNE has been prayed in aid to justify the title of a story called "*The Fangs of Fate*."]

As I peruse *The Fangs of Fate*,
Affrightedly I hold my breath,
And wonder if *The Hair of Hate*
Will lead me to *The Jaws of Death*.

When shall I see *The Lips of Love*,
Or contemplate *The Brow of Bliss*?
I wonder, would the thrown-down glove
Reveal *The Nails of Nemesis*?

Now, fighting war-giants "tooth and nail"
Suggests at once *The Teeth of Treason*;
A *Tail of Trouble* could not fail
To run right through a silly season.

I know *The Nose of Naughtiness*
(It went off rather flat, I hear,
Though ornamenting a Princess),
But who will track *The Feet of Fear*?

FLOREAT ARBOR! AND THE WONDERFUL TRIO!

The Merry Wives of Windsor is a triumph for Manager BEERBOHM TREE, the Tree of Windsor Forest! It is a performance absolutely unique! Seldom on any stage has enthusiastic ovation been more thoroughly deserved than that accorded to the two leading actresses ELLEN TERRY and MADGE KENDAL (let us drop the "Missis" for once on this exceptional occasion), who were at their very very best as *Mistress Page* and *Mistress Ford*, the merriest of any Merry Wives within the memory of the oldest playgoer alive to tell the tale to-day.

Never before last Tuesday night had most of us any idea how entertaining this least amusing of WILLIE SHAKESPEARE'S Elizabethan farces could be! For he it always remembered this play was writ by WILLIAM "to order," that is, by Royal command, and he was bound to make it just such a rough-and-tumble performance as he could knock together in ten days' time so as to appeal to Bouncing BESS, who, with her own fair hand, could give a sounding whack on the back to friend or favourite, who could swear a good round oath, and dispose of a pottle of sack or a pot of English ale, without being a penny the worse for it. *The Merry Wives* must have all the "spill and pelt" business of pantomime (just as *The Taming of the Shrew* requires it) or it will lack the boisterous spirit the author intentionally put into it.

Queen BESS could be uproarious as well as glorious, and it was not difficult to imagine bewigged Gloriana present in the Royal Box at Her Majesty's Theatre, splitting the stitches of her stomacher with delight at the attempts of the two Merry Wives to tumble the preposterously fat Knight into the buck-basket all among the dirty linen (what fun for BESS!), and thoroughly enjoying the pummelling, thumping, rolling, and clapper-clawing of the two capital drolls, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS and Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, when they finish, with a schoolboy scuffle, what had been commenced as a gentlemanly duel. Well, the audience fairly roared at it all, and for many a night to come it is safe to predict that a crammed and delighted house will, like *Bottom's* Lion, "roar again."

But what a genuine Happy Thought, what a real inspiration, to have hit upon the production of *The Merry Wives* with so perfect a couple of comedians as ELLEN and MADGE! From their very first entrance together (bless 'em!), the success, the unqualified success, of the fruition of this most happy idea was never for a single instant in doubt. Both ladies were charming, and the play seemed endowed with a

vitality and a freshness that will combine to make it the talk of London for a long time to come. A historic occasion.

Mr. TREE'S *Falstaff* is vastly improved since he played it at the Haymarket. *Falstaff* is, in this piece at least, a character that might be ordinarily defined as the embodiment of "stuff-and-nonsense," and to make him possible as a humorous monstrosity is a task that must ever tax to the utmost the powers of the very cleverest comedian. He has to be "the cause of wit in others;" he has to be bullied, thwacked, shaken-up, laughed at (never laughed *with*), and so victimised that, though the hoary, drunken old sensualist thoroughly deserves the very worst he gets, the audience begin to pity him, and really range themselves on his side, and would plead with *Master Ford* not to be too hard on the jolly, fat, unconscionably vain old DON JUAN. So everyone is thoroughly pleased when the irredeemably unprincipled, wicked reprobate is dismissed "with a caution," although we know, that, given similar opportunities, he will avail himself of them, as before, without a twinge of conscience or of well-earned gout.

There is not a character in the cast but it is made interesting by its representative. Mr. GERALD LAURENCE is the fervid and graceful lover of *Mistress Anne Page*, who is shown by Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE as indeed a very sweet *Anne Page*. *Anne*, as a part, is in an ordinary way small to insignificance: but here Mrs. TREE makes it so distinguished that it stands out as a very charmingly graceful and quiet performance, in strong contrast to all the hurly-burly characteristic of this Elizabethan "bear-fight;" indeed she shudders at the very mention of such an entertainment. How poor an opinion must Queen BESS have had of this modest, and somewhat shy, maiden! She and her lover *Master Fenton* are the two "Gentle Lovers" in the midst of this overpowering romp.

Rarely, if ever, has been seen so thoroughly good a *Master Ford* as is Mr. OSCAR ASCHE. He is a veritable *Othello*. A jealous husband carried away by the whirlwind of his passion is temporarily insane, and what are to him acts fraught with tremendous consequence, appear to the spectators as utterly absurd. He is terribly in earnest: "that's the humour of it." *Master Page* (Mr. STEVENS) well represents the attitude of the interested but amused spectator. Who could give us a better "living picture" of the chuckling, bibulous old host of the Garter Inn than Mr. LIONEL BROUGH? *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol*, by Messrs. ALLEN THOMAS, COOKSON and L'ESTRANGE, are as perfect as though they had stepped out of an etching of mediæval Bohemianism by CALLOT.

MISS ZEFFIE TILBURY won an exceptional burst of applause for her long "patter" speech, where her tongue won't stop wagging, in spite of all *Falstaff's* attempts to dam the torrent; and throughout her rendering of this small but important character she is excellent. *The Shallow* of Mr. WHITE is quite in keeping with the *Slender* of Mr. QUARTERMAIN, who is especially good in his scene with "Sweet *Mistress Anne*."

It is well to record all this, to note also the beautiful scenery by TELBIN, CRAVEN and JOHNSTON, and the highly artistic costumes by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON, whose designs as carried out for *Master Ford*, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol* are notably picturesque.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. NORMAN BATH, played NICOLA's overture to *The Merry Wives*, the "Gypsy Suite" by EDWARD GERMAN (the name being descriptive of the Bohemian rags of *Falstaff's* men), and selections from SULLIVAN'S *Merry Wives*. It is no rudeness on the part of Mr. TREE, when, in answer to any inquiries as to the music in his theatre, he says, "Go to BATH." He has gone there himself, and evidently he couldn't have done better.

Mr. TREE has scored a great success, and "made history."



NOT FORGOTTEN; OR, THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

The Fairy Queen. "I HOPE TO SEE YOU AT MY FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

[On the occasion of the Coronation the QUEEN will entertain at tea ten thousand maids of all work, "Generals," who will afterwards be commemoratively decorated by Her Gracious Majesty.]



Gertie. "Oh, Mr. Brown, Papa says that Mrs. Brown leads you by the nose. Is that why it's so long!"

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!"

In *The Times* of June 9 is to be found a delightful account from a correspondent of the sentiments of Mr. REITZ, late Transvaal Secretary of State, towards English Statesmen. On being asked, point blank, what he thought of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he is reported to have replied: "I have nothing to say against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He is all right. He is a statesman, and therefore has a policy which he does quite right to carry out to the best of his ability. But the statesmen whom we dislike are Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE. They led us to believe that they had a real sympathy for our cause, and we were convinced that they would do their utmost to help us. They fed us with false hopes, and then we found out that, instead of having any sympathy for us, they were simply playing us off for the purpose of getting into power!"

Oh, Mr. REITZ, can I have read aright!

And is it thus our Liberal Chiefs are flouted!

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is rejected quite,

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is scouted,

And, worse than all, I even see you dare

To speak contemptuously of Mr. LABOUCHERE!

Here in the lordly columns of *The Times*,

Where Mr. WALKLEY writes and also BLOWITZ,

Where Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN prints his rhymes,

And other even less distinguished poets,

I find you scandalising English readers
By pouring scorn upon our dauntless Liberal Leaders!

Have you forgot how these devoted men

On your behalf have uniformly pleaded,

And laboured day by day with voice and pen

To give you the encouragement you needed?

Have you forgot the sympathetic bleating
Sir HENRY raised for you at each successive Meeting?

It cannot be! The words set down above

Do not correctly represent your attitude,

Our Party's leaders still retain your love

Unless there's no such thing as human gratitude!

I ask—and ask with confidence—how can a man

Do anything but love Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN!

It cannot be! The words you really used

About these men were glowing with affection,

Nor can the wicked scribbler be excused

Who gave them such a different complexion.

I'm certain you would never be so shabby

As to denounce that amiable trifler, LABBY!

No! when the gentlemen whom I have named

Were mentioned, your encomiums were hearty,

And in impressive accents you proclaimed

Your obligations to the Liberal Party.

While you expressed, again and yet again,

Your horror and contempt for Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN!

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

[The last native King of Fiji, THAKOMBAU, who ceded the group to Lord ROSMEAD, was a notorious cannibal before his conversion by the Wesleyan missionaries. He once discussed the question of cannibalism with Admiral ERSKINE. "It is all very well for you to talk in that way," he said; "you have plenty of beef in your country."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,"
Our forefathers called on each cannibal brood,
And told them "long-pig" must be strictly tabooed.
O! the Roast Beef of old England,
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

And now we're informed by a civilised chief
They'd never have toasted their foes in his fief
If Nature had given them plenty of beef!
O! the Roast Beef, &c.

Alas! the supply of roast beef is a thing
Controlled by a greedy American "ring;"
It's getting so scarce, we grow sad when we sing
O! the Roast Beef, &c.

And if what this Islander tells us is true,
When beef is beyond us, why what shall we do?
Won't you look at me, Sir? Won't I look at you?
O! the Roast Beef of old England,
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Margaret Vincent is, as Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD says, heroine of her story, *Woodside Farm* (Duckworth). A very charming heroine she is, high-spirited, high-minded, simple-hearted. But the strongest character in the book is the unlovable step-sister, *Hannah Barton*. It is a little difficult to understand how a person of her disposition and attainments could dominate a household. She succeeds, even to the extent of keeping *Margaret Vincent* from the deathbed of a loved and loving mother. This serves as the scene of the most powerful episode in the story. *Margaret*, having obtained admittance to the house through the agency of an old servant, having greeted and taken farewell of her mother, flees at the approach of the fearsome *Hannah* to the shelter of a cupboard, where she listens while her mother dies. Later, discovered by the Gorgon, somewhat softened in the presence of death, she gathers herself for a while into the acid bosom of the loveless one, and the old servant looking in finds the step-sisters sleeping in each other's arms. A fine passage, powerfully written. *Mr. Garratt*, the vulgar tradesman, who calls to court *Hannah* and remains to fall in love with *Margaret*, is amusing. But my Baronite does not care for *Mrs. Lakeman* and her daughter *Lena*, whom Mrs. CLIFFORD, with parental prejudice, rather fancies.

The Baron begs to acknowledge the receipt of a perfectly delightful book, entitled *The New Opera Glass* (Leipzig: FREDOR REINBOTH) which, judging from this sample of its "fourth edition, revised and augmented," deserves to have that number multiplied by a thousand. It is by "FR. CHARLEY," and, as it is two years old, the Baron, much regretting that he has not met with it before, will simply limit himself to giving an extract as a sample of its delightful English, "as she is writ" in Leipzig by "FR. CHARLEY," for the benefit of the Baron's readers. Here is the plot of NICOLAI's opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, peculiarly appropriate to the present time:—

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
Text after Shakespeare.

"Sir John has written two love-letters to Mrs. Fluth and Mrs. Reich. They resolved to take revenge to him. After leaving the stage their husband appears attended by Messrs. Spärlich und Cajus. The Stage is changed: Mrs. Fluth awaits Mr. Falstaff; Mrs. Reich entered too and now the wonderfull scene: Mr. Falstaff in the clothes-baskets.

"Second act: The same play: Falstaff appears at the second time. Now he is putted in the cloths of an old aunt, whom is forbidden the house of Mr. Reich. After some merrily scenes he leaves the house as an old woman, attended by the strike of Mr. Reich's stick.

"Third Act: Room in Reich's house. The married couples are in the best humour, the wives have confessed and now they have the intention the old Falstaff to punish the third time.

"Changeament of the stage: Midnight, in the forest with a hunting house; all persons appears; at least Falstaff too. The two wives are greeting him; singing a Terzett. Suddenly ghosts are appearing, amusing herself to strike Falstaff in the best manner. Cajus und Spärlich the lovers from Anna are also at present; but Anna loves Mr. Fenton, with whom she is band at last for ever."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

I.—THE POET LAUREATE.

I FOUND Mr. AUSTIN at work in his study at Swinford Old Manor—a charming snug apartment with *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary* on the shelves. He extended a welcoming hand.

"Yes," he said, "I do most of my work here. *England's Darling* was written in that arm-chair: the holes in the leather were made while I was thinking of the next line. Ah, the next line—that is at once the poet's triumph and his tragedy! I would not have it re-upholstered for worlds, although several Ashford firms have tendered very reasonably. By the way, when I wrote *England's Darling* I wore woad, and the cook had orders to be continually burning cakes—it seemed to give the atmosphere.

"*The Garden that I Love* was composed in the window seat commanding a view of the geraniums. Ah! sweet Nature—what an influence! what an inspiration! She is the best padding.

"I wrote *The Conversion of Winckelmann* at Herne Bay—not indeed that winkles are too plentiful there, but I found that one could worry along on shrimps. After all, what is a poet if not adaptive?"

"Your study is charming," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I have many treasures. The waste-paper basket came from Farringford, TENNYSON's place. That Dutch clock was Doctor JIM's. The paper-weight was ALFRED THE GREAT's. The goose-quill I have been using was the Laureate PYE's."

"Let me repeat you something," he said; and so saying, the poet, lifting his hand to enforce a silence that I should never have thought of breaking, delivered with admirable emphasis his charming poem beginning "The lark went up"—a little masterpiece fraught with open-air gladness and redolent of the dewy Spring.

"Now," he said, "let me show you the grounds," and he led the way to the chicken run. "I give them all names," he said; "that is MUDFORD, that is CURTIS; over there you see GORDON SPRIGG; in the corner is LIONEL PHILLIPS, and so on. Sometimes I address them in impromptu verse. I am often very happy in impromptu verse in the chicken run."

"And now," said Mr. AUSTIN, as we returned to the house, "if you must go" (although I had still plenty of time before me and had made no movement), "allow me to offer you a stirrup-cup of Malmsey."

He produced a beaker and filled it to the brim.

"Notice," he said, in that incorrigibly poetic way of his, "how the beaded bubbles wink."

Thus fortified, I tore myself away, feeling that I, too, had dwelt in Arcadia.

THE MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—Mr. Punch could not attend the meet of the Coaching Club, the weather not warranting his bringing out his four strawberry creams. Mr. Punch takes this opportunity of declining with thanks the chestnuts so kindly placed at his disposal by the Joseph Miller Co. Unlimited.



"ENGLAND'S DARLING WAS WRITTEN IN THAT ARM CHAIR."



"BY THE WAY WHEN I WROTE ENGLAND'S DARLING I WORE WOAD."

"THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET CAME FROM FARINGFORD, TENNYSON'S PLACE."



"NOW, HE SAID, LET ME SHOW YOU THE POULTRY."



"SOMETIMES I JOIN THEM IN THEIR GAMBOLES, ON A BANTAM."



"ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU A STIRRUP CUP OF MALMSEY."

OUR "SKETCHY" INTERVIEWS.—I. THE POET LAUREATE (see p. 438).

FAIRIES ON THE LAWN.

(A Child's Recollection.)

ONE night I peeped through the window just after I went to bed;
I ought to have been in my cot, I know, my pillow beneath my head;
But somebody seemed to whisper "Come!" and so I made up my mind,
Climbed out and tiptoed across the floor, and lifted the old red blind.

It wasn't as dark as some nights are, for up in the purple sky
The round moon showed me her battered face: it didn't seem very high.
And all the trees that I know so well looked funny and far and white;
And all of them murmured, "Hush! hush! hush! we can't make a noise to-night."

I wasn't afraid, not quite afraid, but I wasn't as bold as brass,
When I looked and I saw a shining sight out there on the silver grass.
And oh, I think I shall never see such a beautiful sight again,
As the wonderful shining sight I saw when I looked through the window pane.

In the place of the garden arbour with its walls and its seats of wood,
And its thatched roof covered with creepers a marvellous palace stood:
I seemed to have known it always (though it couldn't be ages old),
With its pillars of rainbow crystal and its towers of polished gold.

Then a voice said, "Look at the Fairies!" and out in a troop they came;
I had seen them by dozens in picture-books, and these were the very same.
The same, only much, much better, for these were alive, alive;
And the sound of their little voices was the buzz of a big bee-hive.

For oh, they shouted and tumbled and frisked and fluttered and played:
A jolly delightful romp they had, and nobody seemed afraid;
And I, who had held my breath so, just didn't I want to go
And join in the games they played at out there on the lawn below!

I have seen my Mamma wear jewels, and these were like jewels bright,
Like opals alive and leaping all over the grass at night—
When clear from the golden palace came sounding a trumpet's call,
And they fell into lines like a regiment and stood at attention all.

And wasn't there lovely music, the music that makes you cry,
The music Mamma sings softly—she calls it a lullaby.
And riding a mouse-sized charger, the tiniest ever seen,
Out pranced to her faithful Fairies the beautiful Fairy Queen.

To think I should see her really—to think I should see her there,
As I peeped through the bedroom window, perched up on a bedroom chair!

I was only a little girl, you know, and I think it was very kind
To let me look at the Fairy Queen when I lifted the old red blind.

But just as I said, "I'll ask her up to come to my room and play;
And won't we have romps at night-time, and won't we have fun by day!"
A black cloud covered the moon's face, and I—I was back in bed
(But I never knew how I got there) with my pillow beneath my head.

R. C. L.

A WAY WE HAVE.

DURING the last week *Mr. Punch's* office has been besieged by a small army of indignant versifiers, all up in arms because of the recent revelations of the ways we have in the army. Most of them run to parodies of writers rather better known than themselves, as will be seen from a few specimens hastily selected from the least depressing of these sorry productions.

Here is a verse, with chorus attached, taken from a song which bewails the young soldier's inattention to the study of foreign languages:

"JULIUS CÆSAR the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Said, 'I'll teach him the Latin for *My* land':
And the French *parlez-vous*'d and the Germans *Ach, Du'd*,
But we stuck to the tongue of our island.

Chorus.

Oh, what a dense little island,
A wrong little, loose little island:
All the globe round there's none to be found
So English as our little island."

The next is similar in effect, though more general in its application. The young soldier is here represented as JOHN BULL:

"JOHN BULL's colleges are nothing but a sham:
JOHN BULL's knowledge is a silly sort of cram:
JOHN BULL knows it, but he doesn't care a hang,
And he still goes marching along."

With the exception of the faulty rhyme in the third line, which we have not ventured to correct, this quatrain may be said to hit off the situation not unhappily.

Several of our poetasters treat with some severity of the delinquencies of one particular institution. The following, supposed to be spoken by a Sandhurst cadet, is typical of the rest:

"We don't want to work, for although we've not much sense,
At least we have enough to know it makes no difference.
We don't want to shoot, but, by Jingo, if we did,
We could learn it (as an extra) by the payment of a quid."

Then we have a long effusion signed "Infantry," doubtless intended for a masterpiece of satire. We can only quote one verse:

"When I walk down Piccadilly, though I may look rather silli-
-er than SMITH or BROWN or JONES,
I am very good at polo, and can vamp you out a solo
On the banjo or the bones;
Can indulge in *far niente*, for I've sovereigns in plenty,
And relations by the score,
And mere learning doesn't matter, for I know the social patter
Which the Cavalry adore:
And the Infantry will say, as I swagger on my way,
'If this young MIDAS messes each night at a mess too dear for me,
Why what a very singularly rich old man his rich old Pa must be!'"

The last effusion which we shall place before our readers is dated R. M. C., Sandhurst, and signed "Ingenuus puer." It differs from the rest in being a mere bald statement of fact, couched in simple prose, and without any attempt at satire. "Dear Mr. Punch," he begins. "I see there is a lot of jaw going on in the papers about our not doing any work here. Of course I need not tell you that that's all rot. We do a jolly sight too much. But what I want to know is why the Dickens should we if we didn't. Look at the instructors. I'm sure they never did any, and they get on all right, and they can't drill us themselves. So why should we, I'd like to know, when you know jolly well that when you are in the army sapping doesn't do you any good, not for promotion. But what I say is, you don't come here to be a book-worm and learn a beastly lot of tactics, and I won't either. It isn't the thing. What's the good of tactics and history when you're fighting a chap like DE WER, or a lot of French and German either? All a chap wants is to be able to write a decent letter in his own language, which I flatter myself I can do. But isn't it sickening rot?" Well, yes, it is.

"WHAT'S THE ODDS AS LONG AS YOU'RE ABBEY?"

Most appropriately the Coronation scene in the Abbey is to be painted by the ABBEY (R.A.). Let us sing to the tune of "Sally in our Alley"—

"Of all the painters we like best,
There's none like EDWIN ABBEY;
To Co-ro-nation he, full dressed,
Will go, and nothing shabby.
He'll look so neat, and smile so sweet,
As guileless as a baby.
Oh, won't the picture be a treat
When painted by our ABBEY!"

Probably some French correspondents, who are always "in the know," will record the fact that the task of representing the ceremony on canvas was entrusted to one of the *clergé du Cathédral, M. l'Abbé de Westminster*.

A COMPLAINT.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—As soon as the war broke out I was fired by patriotic enthusiasm, and bought three hundred shares in the Bunkum Mine, at 2½. During those weary years I received no interest whatever on the money thus invested, through confidence in the ability of the present Government to end the war speedily.

Last Christmas the shares were quoted at 4½. I resolved to sell them when they reached 5, but they never did so.



G. L. STAMP.

Son of the House. "AREN'T YOU DANCING THIS? MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE? I'M TRYING TO DO MY DUTY ALL ROUND TO-NIGHT!"

Finally, the present incapable Government prevented the Peace boom by announcing the end of the war on a Sunday. I should have thought that even ARTHUR BALFOUR, in spite of his childlike ignorance of all business matters, would have known that the Stock Exchange is closed on that day. But, not content with this mean deceit, the present contemptible Government has imposed an outrageous tax on the humble profits of the South African mines.

My shares have now sunk to 4½. Crushed in this manner by unjust and repressive legislation, they are never likely to rise to 5. I need not say for

which party I shall vote at the next General Election. In fact, I am so disgusted and annoyed that I feel no interest whatever in the Coronation festivities, or anything with which the present Government is even remotely connected. I am going abroad for a month to try and diminish my losses by staying at some place like Paris, or Monte Carlo, or Aix-les-Bains, where one can live economically for about three pounds a day.

Yours obediently,
A POOR SPECULATOR.

THE TEST MATCHES.—Q. What did Mr. C. B. FRY? A. Two duck's eggs.



Rustic. "COME NOW, JACK, TELL US 'OW YOU DID FEEL AT THAT THER' PLACE WHERE YOU WAS ALL SO BADLY CUT UP!" Tommy. "WELL, I'D A GIVEN SUMMAT TO A-KNOWN THE SHORTEST CUT TO WOODBOROUGH!"

ARCADY, LIMITED.

["After seeing the Coronation and London life, some of our American guests intend to explore our villages. Our towns must seem to them but poor affairs. . . . The old-world simplicity of rural life is unique, and has an unfailing charm for our trans-Atlantic cousins."—*A Weekly Review*.]

THE Arcady Syndicate, Limited, beg to announce that their arrangements are now complete for supplying American visitors with rural bliss of the very highest quality. For this purpose they have secured exclusive control over a remote village, fifteen miles from a railway station, in the most picturesque part of England. A genuine stage-coach will bring their clients to their destination.

They will be lodged in charming old farm-houses, some of which have been brought from distant parts and re-erected at great cost in the Syndicate's village. Each will be supplied with latticed windows, honeysuckle over the porch, and bees in the garden. A slight extra charge will be made for the rooms which are redolent of lavender. Four-poster feather-beds, specially supplied by Messrs. FAKER & Co., of Birmingham, will be found in each sleeping-apartment. The dear old chimes of the ancient Norman church will be distinctly audible every hour.

A complete round of amusements has been arranged; the following will be some items of the daily "program":—

4.30 A.M. Chanticleer will awake the smiling morn, and also the visitors. (N.B.—All Chanticleers shot by visitors will have to be replaced at their expense.)

5 A.M. MARY, the sweet English dairy-maid, will take her stool, trip across the dewy grass, and milk the cows.

6 A.M. Breakfast. (Home-made bread, eggs, and bacon.) During this meal, visitors will have an opportunity of watching the early bird giving his well-known performance on the lawn.

7 A.M. The pigs will be fed. Visitors will be allowed to assist, provided that they bring their own pig-buckets with them.

8—12. Harvesting. At 8 o'clock the band of rustic labourers will appear, and will sing a hearty chorus, led by Messrs. GILES and HODGE. After this a procession will be formed to the fields, where the remainder of the morning will be spent. Reaping-hooks and smock-frocks can be hired by our clients.

12 noon. Dinner. (Eggs, bacon, home-made bread.)

12.30—1 P.M. Humorous recitation by the Oldest Inhabitant. (Copyright reserved.)

2—5 P.M. A rustic cricket-match will take place. The traditionary comic umpires will be in attendance, and coveys of partridges will be flushed between the wickets.

5.30. MARY will call the cattle home. (N.B.—Autographed photos of MARY on sale, price 10s.)

6 P.M. Supper. (Bacon, home-made bread, eggs.) Afterwards guests will be permitted to wander in the gloaming for versifying purposes (Poetic licences, 5s. per week) until 9 P.M. (Curfew Bell), when they must retire to bed.

9 P.M. till 4.30 A.M. Grand concert by the Syndicate's nightingales, which have been specially trained to sing throughout the summer.

As our farms are sure to be crowded, intending visitors should apply for rooms at once.

THE UNKNOWN TONGS!—A lady who, after a brief stay in Boulogne, is very fond of airing her French—entirely hers—in Bloomsbury, was describing the appearance of a certain composer. "Il avait," she said, "l'air très distingué, avec la pincette au nez." She wasn't very far off "pince-nez."



“HARD LINES.”

PATIENT BRITISH ASS (to himself). “BLEST IF I CAN FEEL A PENN’ORTH O’ DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THIS OLD GAL AND THE ONE THAT’S JUST GOT OFF!”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.

—The blameless DON JOSÉ plays towards His Majesty's Opposition the part filled

hints, or is understood to hint, at the proceeds of the Corn Tax being used to further a scheme of Colonial Zollverein. That sufficient to change the situation. Opposition see it all in a glance. ST. MICHAEL a 'mere puppet in hands of

WILFRED LAURIER's knuckles, told him to mind his own business, which he probably understood better than other people's.

JOHN O'GORST, looking on from favourite retirement on Cross Bench, came to conclusion that he did not enjoy monopoly of privileges of the whipping-boy. Here was the Canadian Minister publicly sharing them. Crowded House greatly relished incident. Meanwhile, as at the foot of the guillotine Madame DEFARGE went on knitting, so DON JOSÉ, in the solitude of his room, went on reading the Blue Book that on its paper cover bore the name of that eminent publicist, FLAUBERT.

Business done.—Budget in Committee.

Tuesday night.—Next to seeing BOBBY SPENCER personally conduct the head of his noble house to the Peers' Gallery, point out to him the celebrities and explain points of procedure, there is nothing so delightful as to hear AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN allude in debate to his father as "my right hon. friend." Had occasion to use the phrase several times to-day. Explained that when at Birmingham his "right hon. friend" made the reference to fiscal relations with the Colonies that has proved fruitful text for debate on the Budget, he did not mean what the words seemed to imply.



"LOOK HERE, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY FINANCE?!"

(Sir M-ch-l H-cks B-ch and Sir W-lfr-d L-r-r.)

by the head of CHARLES I. in Mr. DICK's memorial. He is always popping in, under circumstances howsoever diverse. To-night Budget in Committee. This exclusively business of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Situation indicated by fact that of Cabinet Ministers he sits alone on Treasury Bench; others having withdrawn to attend to business of their several Departments. But behind ST. MICHAEL, filling the Treasury Bench, nay peopling the Chamber, is DON JOSÉ—at the moment actually in his room smoking a big cigar and reading a volume that may be a Blue Book, but looks like a French novel.

ST. MICHAEL, in the latest edition of his versatile Budget, has decided to retain not only the new tax on corn but the penny added to the burden of that Issachar among taxpayers, the income-taxed. It is true these were proposed in time of actual war with the avowed prospect of its continuance for another year. Peace having suddenly dawned, it seemed logical conclusion that war-taxes should be abandoned. But, as SARK says, you may by rare chance get a bone out of a dog's mouth; re-capture money voted to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, never.

"Leave it to me," says ST. MICHAEL blandly, "I'll see it spent. Don't you worry on that account."

This would have been all very well only for DON JOSÉ. He goes down to Birmingham, and in family confidence

the Bold, Bad Man of Birmingham. Beneath his muffler SQUIRE OF MALWOOD spies the beard of Protection. HENRY FOWLER moves to postpone first clause of Budget Bill. C-B. looking through a hole in the ladder discovers DON JOSÉ plotting wicked ends. Even CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES smells a rat, and EDGAR VINCENT sees it moving in the air.

"This money," said the CAP'EN, making a movement of his mailed fist as if raking the coin in, "is not needed for the war. It must be designed for some ulterior purpose."

If ST. MICHAEL has a human weakness, it lies in the direction of supposing himself an implacable person. The idea that DON JOSÉ or anyone else leads him by the nose peculiarly unpalatable. It is true that, occasionally, having sworn he would ne'er consent to certain financial heresies, he has consented. But the change was entirely due to personal conviction; had no connection with strings pulled by other hands in the Cabinet. Got up now and warmly, indignantly, deprecated intention of tampering with principles of free trade. Studiously refrained from allusion, direct or indirect, to an esteemed colleague. But got in a kick at Sir WILFRED LAURIER that greatly delighted Opposition. In the Dominion House of Commons Canadian Premier been saying things that formed logical conclusion of DON JOSÉ's remarks at Birmingham. ST. MICHAEL rapped Sir



"All fads and crotchets would have to take a very prominent back-seat."
(Mr. J-mmy L-wth-r.)

AUSTEN put up to reply to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD; marked distinction for a young Minister. Justified it by able speech delivered amid difficulty of constant interruption. Like his right hon. friend, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury is rather encouraged than embarrassed by interpolated remarks.

On the whole a young Members' day. Two other speeches—one a maiden effort—commanded attention of full House. TOULMIN, the elect of Bury, spoke with a clearness, felicity, and modesty that instantly obtained a footing for him in the critical Assembly. CROMBIE by no means a new Member; but so rarely interposes in debate that, as Mr. FLAVIN says, his face is caviare to the general. His speech this afternoon proved to be one of the best in the debate. Full of matter and of point, admirably expressed in a pleasant voice, it was delivered with action suited to word and word to action in fashion that would have pleased *Hamlet* in his critical mood.

This coming to the front of young men, noted in debate on the second reading of the Education Bill and on the earlier stages of the Budget, is one of the workings of the new Rules. Formerly young Members, elbowed aside by right hon. gentlemen on two front benches, were shoved into the dinner hour, left to speak to empty benches. Now, in the long uninterrupted sitting



A (TOO) RARE DEBATER.
(Mr. J. W. Cr-mb-e.)

between half-past two and half-past seven, when practically all the work is done and benches are kept full, the young Member gets his chance, and shows that there is still excellent material in the most modern House of Commons.

Business done.—Corn Tax carried through Committee by 279 votes against 193.

Thursday night.—The House of Commons does not know a milder mannered man than JAMES FRANCIS XAVIER O'BRIEN. An honoured Member these seventeen years. Kind of heart, gentle of speech, modest in demeanour, "formerly tea and wine merchant in Dublin," angry passion is foreign to his breast. Yet there are some things the gentlest among us cannot stand. For many initialed O'BRIEN such an one befell this afternoon when he heard SWIFT MCNEILL babbling o' high treason, and with erudition conveyed from ERSKINE MAY's portly volume instructing the SPEAKER on points of procedure following upon arrest of a Member of the House.

Why, JAMES FRANCIS, not to mention XAVIER, was actually tried for high-treason: was, moreover, sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and his four quarters impartially dispersed!

As we are happy to see, the sentence was not carried into effect, though when J. F. X. cranes forward his neck to catch the pearls of wisdom dropped from JEMMY LOWTHER's lips, SARK, noticing its curious length, fancies the process of being "drawn" must have actually commenced before royal clemency was extended.

That is a detail. The point is that on this threshold of the twentieth century we have among us a man who was actually sentenced to suffer a barbarous punishment, once common enough in Merrie England. The little incident befell Mr. O'BRIEN in 1867, at which time he was ostensibly engaged in the tea and wine trade, record of which is still preserved in the unimaginative pages of *Dod*. It was an awkward thing, even with the commutation thrown in. But it naturally led to his election at the first opening as Member for South Mayo, and to the privilege of to-day listening to the SPEAKER lucidly and learnedly differing from ERSKINE MAY on a nice point of procedure.

For *nous autres* the incident has an academic, historical, interest. For J. F. X. what tender memories crowd his mind—the rope, the gallows, the cart, the butcher's knife, and the tardy messenger with the respite.

Through rest of sitting the House prosaic enough; pottering round pence in Civil Service Estimates. This torch-light glare suddenly flashed back on the



A CANADIAN EXPORT.
A Pencil-Kodak from the Press Gallery of
Mr. Bl-ke.

life of one seated among us revealed the boundless possibilities of the Assembly.

Business done.—In Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

SUB ROSA.

["*Majuba*" and "*Boer Courage*" are the names given to new roses recently exhibited in Paris.]

A ROSE by any other name
Will doubtless smell as sweet;
Call hash "*ragoût*," but all the same
Its essence is of meat.

So, with whatever titles decked
French roses may be born,
We shall not in their sound detect
The presence of a thorn.

But steadfastly refuse to find
'Neath the "*Majuba*" bud
The canker of an envious mind,
Or malady of blood.

"*Boer Courage*" need be never loth
To blossom and to shoot
When grafted on the sturdy growth
Of a good English root.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FAIREST CHLOE, though I fain
All the day on you would gaze,
Seeking ever, not in vain,
Some fresh charm in you to praise;

Yet, while loving you no less,
Now my truant glance would stray
For a moment, I confess,
To the KING and QUEEN to-day.

So I candidly admit
Some slight disappointment, that
Just behind you I must sit,
With no view—beyond your hat.



C. S. Brock
1902

Mother. "OH, MILDRED! YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL! YOU KNOW YOU OUGHTN'T TO SLAP ELsie's FACE!"
Mildred. "WHERE OUGHT I TO SLAP HER THEN, MUMMY?"

ENCORE L'AFFAIRE PAOLO-FRANCESCA.

HAVING before my eyes the fear of the Quarterly-Athenæum-Saturday-One-Man-Combine, I naturally hesitate to make a comparison, in favour of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, between his *Paolo and Francesca*, and the *Francesca da Rimini* of Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, as played, in M. MARCEL SCHWOB's version, by Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT's Company at the Garrick. Yet, whatever Mr. PHILLIPS may or may not have achieved, there can be no manner of doubt that the design of his play is greatly superior to that of Mr. CRAWFORD's. Mr. CRAWFORD has chosen to found his drama on history. He has not only observed times and seasons, but he claims to have discovered (in the castle, not of Rimini, but of Verruchio) the room that was the scene of the tragedy; likewise the veritable trap-door in which PAOLO was slain pendent; though he has failed to retrieve any actual fragments of the fatal *justaucorps*. As, however, he has not elected to reproduce the most salient of these details, and indeed makes no pretence to an accurate historical study, it seems a pity that he should have modified a great dramatic theme for the sake of a few incomplete facts. The result is neither good drama nor good history.

But the real distinction between the two plays lies in the difference between the use and the abuse of the element of Fate. In Mr. PHILLIPS' play we are allowed to watch the gradual working-out of Destiny, ultimately victorious over sincere human opposition. In Mr. CRAWFORD's, from that moment of the Prologue when *Francesca*, outside her *chambre de nocces*, catches first sight of her grotesque husband, mistaking him for something between a black-beetle and a bogey, Fate's work is already accomplished, and the rest is superfluity. Mr. CRAWFORD's *Paolo* has no need to be "Il Bello," any more than he actually is on the stage; "*der erste beste Mann*" (not, of course, in the accepted hymeneal sense) would have served just as well for the purposes of a tragedy that is grossly inevitable from the outset.

And, to do the author justice, he seems to recognise that resistance would have been merely farcical; and so adopts the device of omitting altogether the period during which it might, under less tyrannous circumstances, have been expected to occur. But, to make safety seven times more sure, he places between his Prologue and his First Act an interval of no fewer than fifteen years. *Paolo*, a stoutish married man with a growing family of his own (ignored, save allusively, by the author) has by now accomplished some fourteen years of steady intrigue with *Francesca*; that being also the age of her own daughter, who enjoys the singularly infelicitous name of *Concordia*. It will be seen that here there is no promise of any further struggle between honour and passion, of any fresh war between human effort and the progress of Destiny.

Whether there ever has been a contest at all, we cannot definitely say. *Francesca's* reminiscences leave us in doubt. In one passage she says, "Je ne me souviens pas d'avoir jamais hésité ou lutté, ou de t'avoir résisté"; in another, "Mon intention était innocente," whatever that should mean. In any case the relations of these lovers are by now established almost to the point of respectability. Interest, therefore, is limited to a mere vulgar curiosity as to just when and where and how flagrantly they will be caught; though to this may perhaps be added a kind of dull wonder that they have not been caught before. The author is by consequence compelled to introduce extraneous issues, such as the intervention of another woman, suspected by *Francesca* of being a *femme du peuple* who has supplanted her in *Paolo's* affections, but turning out to be nothing worse than his poor old demented wife, for whose "removal" he is prompt to make the necessary arrangements. It is a curious

comment on the main construction of Mr. CRAWFORD's drama that the incidental *divertissement* arising out of this highly Parisian conceit of an imaginary rival ("*Paolo me tromper au bout de quatorze ans!*") makes the Second Act the most notable of the play.

Another novelty is seen in the part played by the child *Concordia*. The dramatic purpose which she is made to serve is obvious and disagreeable. But while it is bad enough that she should be constantly dragged in, by the charming head and hair of her, to be made the innocent medium for the conveyance and confirmation of suspicion among this elderly *ménage à trois*, it is still more scandalous that she should be required, at the immature age of fourteen, to take part in this portentous kind of dialogue:—

Giovanni. Il y a une autre mort que celle du corps, une mort pire, une mort vive qui tue en l'homme l'espérance, et qui peint le monde entier d'une noirceur pestilentielle...

Concordia. Oh! père, comme tu parles avec amertume!

Then there is the book of *Lancelot*. To compensate for the fact that its tragic service was finished some fourteen years before the opening of Act I, it is mercilessly exploited at every spare moment in the play. One comes to regard it as a permanent property of the stage, unmoved amid the revolution of scenery. Finally, in the last Act, *Paolo* reads aloud this thrilling passage: "Advent que LANCELOT trouva la Reine, dans l'instant qu'elle était seule. Car c'était l'après-dînée, et la journée était moult chaude, et toutes gens dormaient." I find that this expression, *l'après-dînée*—excellent French, no doubt, for the hour of siesta—does not err in excess of poetic suggestion. One conceives, on these lines, a rendering, say, of *Romeo's*—

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,"

which should read as follows:—

"C'était l'alouette, qui annonce le premier déjeuner."

To speak briefly of the players, Madame BERNHARDT, as the innocent *Francesca* of the Prologue, had in her voice a touch of falsetto; but, for the rest, played with admirable sincerity and artistic restraint until the last Act, where she let herself go in a rather tawdry tirade (obviously written for her) in which the names of CAIN and JUDAS figured prominently. As *Giovanni* ("Jan le Stropiat") M. DE MAX, who gave a needlessly painful display of physical contortion, showed at times a certain reserve of strength, but was generally quite arbitrary in his methods. Mlle. DUC was a delightful *Concordia*; but M. MAGUIRE, in the rôle of *Paolo*, never from the first a sympathetic lover, went through his part with the air of an operative heavy-weight.

I may add that the intervals were a marked feature of the first-night performance, and helped greatly to emphasise the danger of tampering with the Unities. For, while a paltry quarter-of-an-hour may suffice to symbolise the lapse of fifteen years, it was too long to give *Giovanni* for his passage from the lower portion of the ladder (negotiated as the curtain fell on Act III.) to the topmost rung achieved slightly after the commencement of Act IV. O. S.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Wife. Why, dear, do you object to having our baby christened ADELAIDE?

Husband. Simply, dear, because I am sure neither of us would like to spoil her chances in life with a name suggestive of her being "a bad egg."

Wife (expostulating). A bad egg! My dear!!

Husband. Well, what else can be suggested by "addle-laid?"

A CASE OF SIMONY?

BEST Pannelled Curate, fully silver mounted, rubber tyres, best make, for Sale.—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

WANTED!

(On or before the Twenty-sixth.)

A POPULAR SONG with more rational and appropriate Words than those at present in vogue.—By the Man in the Street.

A Fresh Coat of Paint of a less Bilious Colour than now worn.—By the Piccadilly Lamp-posts.

A sense of the Ridiculous, and a Proper Estimate of their own Insignificance.—By the Battersea Borough Council.

The Cat.—By the Somers Town Hooligans.

An Invitation to the Queen's Tea for General Servants.—By Twenty Times the Lucky Ten Thousand.

An Overflow Meal without the Trouble of Ordering.—By their Respective Mistresses.

A Consolation Feed of Some Kind or Other.—By All the Nurses and their Babies.

Some Hints on Manners and Deportment.—By the Irish Nationalists and the Dublin Corporation.

A Leg to Stand upon.—By Adventurers who claim to be Boer Burghers and M.P.'s simultaneously.

A Union Jack full-sized, for the front Gate at Oranjelust.—By ex-President KRUGER.

The Sack.—By Dr. LEYDS.

Ditto.—By the Clerk of the Weather.

A Glass Roof over the whole Procession Route.—By Half a Million Spectators.

Swimming Belts.—By the few Cricketers Undrowned.

A Naval Review, Regatta or Boat-race off the Terrace, Westminster, or at any rate some Indication of Life.—By Father Thames.

A Fine Night.—By the Illuminations.

And Suppression with a firm hand.—By the Patrons of "Ticklers," Squirts, and Card-board Trumpets.

PEACE MEAL.

MR. KRUGER has now imparted to a representative of the *Petty Journal* that he thinks Peace is not altogether improbable.

Dr. LEYDS is said to be bringing an action against the British Government for loss of employment owing to the stoppage of the war.

There was a huge demand on the auspicious Sunday evening for artists who could draw Angels of Peace. Many newspapers had to employ those who couldn't.

Lord SALISBURY, according to a Liberal paper, on being told that the



ANOTHER "COMBINE." (?)

London (among the debris after a great fire). "OH, DEAR! WHAT AM I TO DO? IF I COULD ONLY GET MY COUNTY COUNCIL—"

Uncle Sam. "DARN YOUR COUNTY COUNCIL, MA'AM! SAY—SHALL I AND MY LADS TAKE OVER YOUR OLD FIRE-BRIGADE BUSINESS? WE'LL SHOW YOU!"

[It is, we believe, the general opinion of experts that London is worse protected against fire than any great city either in Europe or in America The responsibility for such a state of things clearly rests with the controlling authority, in this case the County Council.]—*Times*, June 12.]

War was at an end, asked, "What war?" and, on being reminded, said, "Oh, yes."

Mrs. R. SMITH, of Balham, wishes us to state that the reason why she did not hang out her flag was that it was away at the wash.

Mrs. JONES, of Tooting, did not light up her fairy lamp, as she wishes to keep it as a surprise for Coronation Day.

A provincial Mayor, on being asked how he considered the memorable event should be celebrated, said he

thought something extraordinary ought to be done. He hoped everyone would keep sober.

A usually well-informed French newspaper prognosticates that Lord KITCHENER will be knighted.

Lord KITCHENER's success is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Lord ROBERTS, throughout his command, had the benefit of the advice given by our Military Experts in the daily papers, while this ceased as soon as Lord ROBERTS returned. This fact is usually lost sight of.

AFTER THE RACES.



DELAY OF DE LAST MINSTREL.

(Study in Black and White.)

OPERATIC NOTES.

THE attention of Mr. Punch's Own Operatic Observer ("O. O. O.") has been drawn to an error in spelling the name of Miss (Mlle. or Signora) REGINA PACINI, in which "O. O. O." inserted another "c." As a matter of fact it was not his fault nor even his mistake, and, even if it had been, might it not have been clear to any thoughtful individual that the introduction of the second "c" was only, as it were a letter of credit, figuratively indicating the boundless sea, or immense capacity of a register which could reach from the first C up to the last, diving as a *diva* into the depths, or rising like Venus "*orta mari?*" *Si si Signora! et vivat Regina PACINI!*

Tuesday.—*Die Meistersinger*. Fair house, specially on "the spindle side." Orchestra under LOHSE or rather a little above LOHSE, and more than "all there." The KING present, after a pretty tiring day at Ranelagh. *Die Meistersinger* not perhaps the lightest and most refreshing opera to hear when tired, though VAN ROOY very fine as *Sachs*,—as a North Briton might say, "Quite equal to any sax of 'em"—BISPHAM as *Bockmesser* distinctly good, and the rest anywhere. Tenor PENNARINI—a combination that sounds uncommonly like "*Ten-a-penny-rini*"—as *Walther von Stolzing* not by any means all our fancy could paint him, and Frau LOHSE's *Eva* decidedly weak; hope she'll be going stronger another night. Calls mainly for VAN ROOY, an easy first, with DAVID BISPHAM a good second. Personally, wish *Die Meistersinger* could be judiciously lightened of some few hundred bars, and then the bearers of the burdens, and the

hearers of the same, would both be happier. But to meddle with WAGNER is, as it were, to make a radical attack on a time-honoured constitution. Thank goodness there is another and a better opera, and lots of 'em.

Thursday.—*Tannhäuser*. On dit in some quarters that WAGNER isn't quite so popular as he was once upon a time with our opera goers. But teste *Tannhäuser* to-night. A brimming house. Boxes a bit shy, but every other part pretty well crammed. Nothing particular to be recorded except that as *La belle Venus* ("*O belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves tu!*" comme chantait autrefois SCHNEIDER, and pity it cannot be introduced, transposed, for the amorous Knight), SUSAN is going fairly strong, that Frau LOHSE does not gain upon us as *Elisabeth*, that as *Tannhäuser* our Penny-rini-in-the-slot does not come up to even a Penny-ha'p'ny-rini standard of excellence; that Herr MUHLMANN is good as *Biterolf*, that Madame SOBRINO in shepherd's dress makes her "piping" quite ornamental, while her singing of that refreshing *morceau* of melody is delightful, and to keep the best to the last, as *Wolfgram*, Herr VAN ROOY is superb.

Friday.—*SALEZA*, *Monsieur Faust* (in French), with MELRA as "his *Daisy*," *c'est à dire sa Marguerite*, more sweet-voiced than ever, and Monsieur *Mefisto Plançon*, deep-toned and diabolically humorous, with Madame *Marthe Bauermeister* encore dans sa première jeunesse.

Saturday.—To-night *Love's Elizir!* Hope to enjoy the potion. Report to be drafted in our next. *L'Elisir d'Amore*, old delightful story, *Signorina Adina cara, e Dottore Dulcamara! noi sarémo là, la la, la!*

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

(Modern Version.)

Southampton Dockyard. Return of a popular General from the Front.

Inquisitive Stranger (to Dock Official). Who is that little man that the reporters are flocking round?

Dock Official. That is the War Correspondent of the *Bomb-bomb*. He's the man who will publish a book denouncing the General.

I.S. Dear me! Then who is that literary-looking gentleman walking with the General?

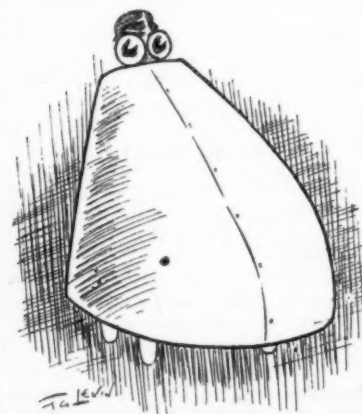
D.O. Oh that is the man who will write the General's defence; he has been out with him to gather material.

I.S. Who is that reporter standing apart from the others?

D.O. He is attached to the *Daily Manager*, which will call for the official despatches, and then equally condemn all parties, and incidentally congratulate the country on possessing a paper that makes all things clear.

I.S. Ah, I see, but who is that loutish-looking fellow, with a copy of *Tippy Snips* sticking out of his pocket?

D.O. Why, my dear Sir, he is the "Man in the Street" for whose edification the whole thing is got up.



GOLLY WOG?

NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, IT'S BROWN'S NEW MOTOR, WITH ITS SPEED SHIELD ON AND HIMSELF BEHIND IT.